

Georg Cantor

A Loss for Words

These halls rain down in expertise.
We have to wade in it.
They're drowning all of my extrapolations.
This jury's hung on its belief. We have to wait for it.
My middle finger is my valediction.
How do you want me?
These floods hold us ankle deep.
We have to wade in it.
I'm still holding out for something better.

This tank is standing in my way.
We have to wait for it.
I'm on my back with my head in the gutter.
They stand to ruin me, this fucked up industry.
Nothing left to lose when the whole world's up against you.
How do you want me now?
Let me know.
What's the difference now?
How do you want me now?
If I cut my strings this time, will I be disregarded?
Will I be swept to the side?
If I cut my strings this time, will they say I lost my mind?
How do you want me now?
Let me know.
What's the difference now?
How do you want me now?